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NATIONAL REVIEW

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November 23, 1957

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

Spokesman of His Age

GEORGE GENT

The Testing of the West

FRANK S. MEYER

Economics of the Tin Lizzie

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Articles and Reviews by · · · FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN
WHITTAKER CHAMBERS · L. BRENT BOZELL · WILLMOORE KENDALL
ANTHONY LEJEUNE · PATRICIA FREAKES · WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

For the Record

The excitement over Sputnik and Zhukov is obscuring the fact that Soviet Russia has suffered a catastrophic crop failure this year with farm output estimated at 15 to 20 per cent under last year's levels. The acute shortage of feed grains, wheat and cotton could even have repercussions on the position of Nikita Khrushchev, according to Soviet experts....A British government official, back from a four-week trip to Red China, claims the Western strategic embargo is hurting the Chinese. Frederick J. Erroll says the ban is particularly effective in the petroleum industry where the Reds lack prospecting and drilling equipment.

The segregation battle has made it more difficult for Southern cities to sell school bonds, according to market reports ....The NAACP has refused a membership application and a $50 contribution from B. J. Davis, New York State chairman of the Communist Party.

The State Department refused Simon W. Gerson, executive editor of the Daily Worker, a passport to Moscow for the celebration of the 40th anniversary of the Bolshevik coup d'état....The Daily Worker, which for a few months after Hungary displayed a certain amount of independence, is back on the Moscow line, as witness its reporting of the Zhukov affair.

The National Labor Relations Board, reversing a previous decision by a board examiner, has ruled that so-called "hot cargo" contracts with common carriers, such as truck lines, violate the secondary boycott ban in the Taft-Hartley Act. This marks the third time in a month that the NRLB has acted to curb union conduct.... In Boston, last week, the Department of Justice announced it would drop its Smith Act indictment against five New England Communist leaders in view of the Supreme Court's decision in the California Yates case.

During a discussion of Soviet vs. United States educational methods, Representative Broyhill of Virginia mentioned just one example of time waste in U.S. schools. He said that during the last World Series TV sets were brought into some classroom so that "mathematical students could compute batting averages."

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EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley, Jr.

PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS

L. Brent Bozell — James Burnham
John Chamberlain — Whittaker Chambers
Willmoore Kendall — Suzanne La Follette
Frank S. Meyer

PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT: Sam M. Jones

ASSOCIATES

Maureen L. Buckley — Priscilla L. Buckley
Jonathan Mitchell — Morrie Ryskind

CONTRIBUTORS

C. D. Batchelor, John C. Caldwell, Frank Chodorov, John Abbot Clark, Forrest Davis, A. Derso, Max Eastman, Medford Evans, Karl Hess, John D. Kreuttner, J. B. Matthews, Gerhart Niemeyer, Revilo Oliver, E. Merrill Root, Freda Utley, Richard M. Weaver, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Gen. Charles A. Willoughby, Garry Wills

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS

London: Anthony Lejeune
Geneva: Wilhelm Roepke — *Madrid*: J. Dervin
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden

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The WEEK

● When it became plain that "Faces of War," a television program scheduled to commemorate Veterans' Day, was intended to be a vehicle for pacifist indoctrination, the New York Public Library, which had contributed fifteen hundred dollars toward its production, withdrew as a sponsor. "In sensitive areas," President Morris Hadley pronounced, "it is wisest for the library not to take a position." Could it be that public opinion is beginning to think of war as thinkable?

● "The sinner man he gambled, he gambled and fell," goes the old spiritual, and that's what seems to have happened to the Republican Party in the elections. The GOP gambled that the Negro would vote for the Party of civil rights legislation, for the President who sent troops into Little Rock. But there's no evidence that this happened in New York or in New Jersey. And in Virginia, the upsurge in Republican Negro votes was more than offset by the Republicans who voted for "massive resistance" and a Democratic Governor. But having made the gamble, the Republicans are stuck with it. The GOP has destroyed itself in the South, and in chasing the skittish Negro vote in the North it is forced into the position where it must outpromise the Northern Liberals up and down the line. Like the "sinner man," the Modern Republican is finding that though "he wanted to go to Heaven, he had to go to Hell."

● On the evening of November 7, the Bolsheviks held a grandiose anniversary celebration at the residence of their UN delegation, Park Ave. and 68th St., New York City. Twelve hundred guests—among them a sizeable group of U.S. representatives from both government and private life—pushed through the doors to tables laden with champagne, caviar and other Red delicacies. In the street outside, twelve hundred others, Hungarian exiles, tried, by the banners they carried and the slogans they uttered, to remind the swarming guests of the meaning of the ceremony in which they were sharing. The New York police rendered what is evidently the prevailing official verdict on the point at issue. With barricades, horses and night sticks the police forced the demonstrators out of sight of the guests. They hauled dozens off to night jail, and preferred charges that resulted, next day, in a series of convictions of those outmoded heroes, the Freedom Fighters of 1956, who had deluded themselves with the belief that in New York, if not in Budapest, a human being was free to express publicly his condemnation of the crimes and terror of Bolshevism.

● Here's a pretty kettle of fish! The art critic for the *London Daily Mail*, Pierre Jeannerat, has charged that Benedict Enwenwu, a Nigerian sculptor who was commissioned to do an official statue of Queen Elizabeth II, has spoiled a moderate "likeness" by adding "a distinct Africanization" to Her Majesty's features. If the artist had made the Queen look like a fish, or a dog, or a Martian, or even transformed her into an anachronism by putting one of Queen Mary's hats on her head, the uproar in London would have been stupendous. Under the Liberal interpretation of taste, however, there can be no criticism of the sculptor for changing the Queen into something which closely approximates an artist's conception of an African potentate. That would be to exhibit "race prejudice," which in a touchy world might fatally weaken the Commonwealth's ties with Ghana. Under the circumstances, the Queen will have to take her portrait and like it.

● Mr. Charles Whitehead, a Princeton graduate of the class of 1916, read Finis Farr's article, "Princeton and the Priest," in the October 19 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. He felt that other Princeton alumni who might not see NATIONAL REVIEW regularly, assuming that there were such, would be interested in Mr. Farr's narrative. Mr. Whitehead therefore sent to the *Princeton Alumni Weekly* copy for a paid advertisement, by the text in which he announced his offer: to send free, to the first five hundred alumni who should request it, reprints of Mr. Farr's article. The *Alumni Weekly* refused to publish the advertisement. It was, they said in rejecting it, "controversial." Perhaps needless to add, the *Alumni Weekly* had, some weeks earlier, printed President Robert F. Goheen's explanation of Father Halton's ouster. We are interested in what seems to be an implicit editorial definition here. "Controversial" evidently means: "to disagree with President Goheen." What President Goheen writes cannot, by definition, be controversial; but is, in the words of his statement that the *Alumni Weekly* carried: "sound and requires no defense."

● The Communists not only are experts on the Liberal mentality; they also appreciate the strategic maxim: when an advantage is achieved, exploit it. With congressional committees investigating subversive activities reeling from the blows struck by the Supreme Court in its recent decisions, the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, chaired by Harvey O'Connor and decorated with the names of a congeries of similar Communists and fellow travelers, has inaugurated a campaign to abolish the House

Un-American Activities Committee, to extinguish the power of Congress to investigate subversive activities, to restrict the FBI. . . . *And*—most important of all—to make it finally and completely unrespectable to recognize that Communism exists or that anyone is a Communist, any time, anywhere or under any circumstances. As the House Un-American Activities Committee puts it in its excellent report, "Operation Abolition," to create "a general climate of opinion against the exposure and punishment of subversion." All this and Sputnik too.

● At a time when Rumania is drastically stiffening its penal code by reinstituting forced labor camps and sentencing to death thieves and embezzlers, the government has relieved the people of one juridical restriction. Abortion has been made legal.

● The nomination last summer of Robert Christenberry as the Republican candidate for mayor of New York was rightly regarded as a victory for Senator Jacob Javits, his long-time crony and political sponsor. When Christenberry proceeded to lose the election by the largest margin in municipal history, one might have expected some criticism to rub off on Mr. Javits, the Warwick who had hand-picked him. But the swivel-hipped Senator, who glided so expertly past the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee last year, has not only escaped criticism but is preparing to convert the débâcle into a coup. Demanding new blood in the Party leadership, he is reportedly preparing to bid for control of the Manhattan Republican organization. If he succeeds, he can not only nominate more Christenberrys, but may soon have New Yorkers tugging their forelocks to Governor Javits.

Measure of the Danger

What, finally, about Sputnik?

There is little left to add to the eloquent analyses by Mr. Chambers and Mr. Meyer in this issue. Let us merely say this: it has been clear for many generations—for a century or more, even—that man has been advancing in the direction of total efficiency in the matter of killing people. This last breakthrough—let us call it that even if we are being terminologically carefree—is not relatively greater than that of gunpowder, or gas; and not as great as the first nuclear explosion. It has been foreseeable that as long as the scientists continue to poke about, the means will be developed to kill more and more men with less and less physical exertion; that the pace gets faster and faster; that, toward the ultimate, glorious day, when one man can kill all other men, we move at geometrically progressive speed.

What we are saying is that just as surely as Sputnik was bound to be, worse is to come; and the relevant question to ask these days is not *whether* the means of destroying us are being successfully developed, but whether we are learning how to prevail upon the men at whose disposal these weapons are to be placed, *not* to use them against us either a) because to kill people is wrong, or b) because to kill Americans is mortally dangerous.

We assume that the West has resources equal, at the very least, to those of the Soviet Union. If that assumption is correct—and we hold that it is—our failure to develop the satellite is traceable to one or more of several reasons, defensible and indefensible. Conceivably, we elected to allocate our limited resources into different projects, more directly related to military, as distinguished from psychological, warfare.

This, in effect, will be the defense of the Administration before its congressional critics; to be convincing, the Administration will have to demonstrate a decisive lead in equally critical military areas. Or is it that we have inefficiently organized our resources? Or dissipated them? Or deployed them unintelligently; or stupidly misunderstood the psychological meaning of the first satellite missile? Can we assume that, as things are going, we will continue to be equipped, even if by means less flashy than Sputnik, to visit unacceptable damage on the Soviet Union, and are we then as safe, militarily, as we were a year ago? And will we in fact, a few weeks hence, send up our own artificial star? These are questions that must be answered, and we look to Congress to get the answers.

But having answered them—and to the satisfaction, let us assume, of the severest critic of our defense policy—what have we got? As ever, we find ourselves looking to material means of rectifying whatever it is that disturbs our peace of mind. We need a satellite? Then quick, let us breed and feed more scientists, and spend more billions, here, there, and everywhere, but always bearing in mind, as, even in the rush, we are sure to, that the *use* of those weapons, as distinguished from their development, is unthinkable, which means—the corollary of that proposition—that it is unthinkable to arrest the development of mighty weapons by those who plot our destruction—because we can only do so by force, and we are against force. *Of course* we need material weapons; but has it not been our assumption that the mere possession of an arsenal is proof against the

NATIONAL REVIEW is, harrumph, er, two years old this week.

enemy? The arsenal that, merely because of the fact of its existence, brings us a sense of security, has the ultimate effect of sapping our strength, not increasing it.

A few short years ago we could have overpowered the Communists with M-1 rifles; two generations ago with a dozen handcuffs. We had the weapons, but not the will to use them as the need arose; and now it gets harder and harder, the consequences of imposing our will, bloodier and bloodier. It is the grossest irony, at this stage of the game, to hear the carpings of the Trumans of this world, who, in their day, had it in their power by relatively gentle exertions, to eliminate the threat.

. . . Yes, let us catch up with Sputnik, ICBM's etc. (we will); but let our resolution be more ambitious than merely to achieve satellite parity, or satellite mastery. Let us bear in mind that as it now stands, we are in a race which, if we ourselves refuse to draw it to an end, or to conceive of it as finite, ends only at the moment when the Communists, temporarily ahead, decide to trace the finish line directly before them, and call themselves the winners, and the race at an end. That is the real measure of the danger.

Frameup?

A couple of weeks ago Robert F. Kennedy, counsel for the Senate's labor racket investigation, fed a new name to the headline writers who by now, after all they have got from him the past year, are eating out of his hand. The nation was informed that M. L. Pitzele was a scoundrel to put Jimmy Hoffa to shame. At one and the same time in 1953 and 1954, Pitzele, the labor editor of the McGraw-Hill magazine, *Business Week,* had been chairman of the then Republican New York State Mediation Board, and had been receiving $5,000 a year from Dave Beck's Teamsters Union, paid through the Shefferman Labor Relations Associates. A few days later Pitzele, having been massacred in the press, was fired by McGraw-Hill, his remaining employer.

It sounded odd to us. Several of NATIONAL REVIEW's editors have been acquainted with Mr. Pitzele for a good many years. They have known him as an intelligent and responsible citizen, a hard worker, a good Republican brought into State affairs by Thomas E. Dewey. He was Mr. Eisenhower's chief labor adviser in 1952, and very nearly Secretary of Labor in the Eisenhower cabinet. Active in the twin jungles of politics and labor, he had never been touched by personal scandal, or even been accused by the enemies no man can fail to make in those regions. The enemies were many and ferocious, for Pitzele has been for years an informed and resolute anti-Communist; and though ready to work with his anti-Communist Left friends in the *New Leader* and the decent section of the Civil Liberties Union, no great admirer of that mushy Left that so often covers for the Communists.

It sounded odd, and it was odd, all right.

We asked around. We found that everybody in Washington knew, months ago, that the ambitious young crusading Democrat, Bobby Kennedy, had held "the Pitzele case" in his quiver as a year-end bombshell. Everyone knew that Mr. Kennedy had privately tipped off his favorite reporters who could give the full smear treatment that the White Knight of Labor Reform shied prettily away from.

And in New York's inner circles they got quite a laugh over the "vicious Beck retainer." They knew in New York that Pitzele had never heard a case involving the Teamsters, that labor consultation was his professional field by which he, like many others, made his living, and that he had resigned the Beck job when he saw that his advice was not being accepted. They knew also that the New York State Mediation Board is not a full-time job, but a panel of experts who are paid on a per diem basis to sit, like arbitrators, on specific cases referred to them. They knew that the Board's members are selected by design from the men who work professionally—that is, for money—in the labor field.

Do they also know—does Bob Kennedy know—that Pitzele's Democratic successor as Chairman of the Board, appointed by Kennedy's political compatriot, Governor Harriman, and presently serving, is Harry Uviller, *who draws down $25,000 a year from the International Ladies Garment Workers Union and the parallel garment industry association?*

Speaking of Scientists

Our public censors, thundering from column and microphone, have figured it all out. Laika was up there in space before Fido, and Soviet armament thereby proved supreme over ours, because we have shown insufficient respect to Science and Scientists. We will get back on top by going all-out for Science from kindergarten on, and putting Scientists in charge of our affairs. The appointment of President James R. Killian of M.I.T. as armament Czar is a first response to the swelling demand, an augury of the enlightened day when the Scientist-kings (as a neo-Plato might call them) will be in full command of our national strategy and policy.

Well, it's a simple formula to beat a breast with, and we are not the ones to insist on Scientist segregation. Give them every civil right, say we, the same as the rest of us, and honor their special achievements in their own special field. But we hope that

Senator Lyndon Johnson's Senate Committee on Armaments, before turning the country over to a presidium of nuclear physicists and rocket engineers, will, in the course of its forthcoming inquiry, raise—and publicly—certain questions.

For example, we suggest that the committee include among its questions to Dr. Killian such queries as the following:

What would our armament position relative to the Soviet Union be today if we had accepted the recommendation against developing the H-bomb that was made by Dr. I. I. Rabi, chairman of the President's Science Advisory Committee and chief current scientific adviser to Mr. Eisenhower?

What do you think of Dr. Rabi's proposal, made jointly with Norman Cousins in 1946, to throw all our nuclear material into the ocean?

Do you believe that the strong support of J. Robert Oppenheimer given by four scientists now on the Science Advisory Committee is a sign of good judgment outside their special field? How do you, yourself, judge Oppenheimer's conduct?

What do you feel about the policy proposals that have been made by the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* and the nuclear scientists identified with that periodical? Do you agree with its demands for sharing secrets with all, including the Soviet Union, for an end to nuclear tests, for active collaboration with Soviet scientists, for removal of all military controls over nuclear matters?

How do you rate the strategic judgment of Albert Einstein, who surrounded himself with Communist collaborators, attorneys and friends, who called for refusal to answer any questions of committees of the U.S. Congress, and who declined to join his fellow educators in condemning the Communist terror against Prague's Charles University?

Do you believe that physical scientists have proved themselves notably competent in their understanding of the nature and methods of world Communism and in their firm opposition to its aims? Can you cite scientifically acceptable proof of such competence? Or do you find, by the evidence, that many physical scientists in all nations seem peculiarly naive about Communism and vulnerable to its seduction—as witness Klaus Fuchs, Bruno Pontecorvo, Frederic Joliot-Curie, P. M. Blackett, as well as our own Oppenheimers and Philip Morrisons?

And incidentally, Dr. Killian, how do you evaluate your own decision not to fire from your own M.I.T. faculty Professor Dirk Struik, long identified as an ardent, ubiquitous supporter of pro-Soviet and Communist causes, individuals, activities and organizations? Is Struik's the kind of mind that you will want to have working by your side in your new post as Lord of Missiles?

"He's off to another of those meetings at the Summit!"

Advisor, Advise Thyself

The antics surrounding the appointment of Mr. Adlai Stevenson as special advisor for the December meeting of NATO presents, like so much that happens these days, a quality of unreality reminiscent of the shadows in Plato's allegory of The Cave. Mr. Stevenson is willing, but within limits: he *will* help draft the U.S. proposals for December, but *won't* accept the "more ambitious role" offered him; he will *not* "undertake to formulate the President's policies," but *will* "review and discuss our government's proposals before they are put in final shape"; he *will* even—handsome concession!—lend his support to those of them with which he agrees.

Mr. Eisenhower, meantime, appears to have forgotten the one thing he was right about in the last campaign, namely: that the nation can only benefit by Mr. Stevenson's definitive return to private life. But Mr. Stevenson, in his recent speeches, has been making the kind of noises Mr. Eisenhower himself likes to make: mankind faces the choice between extinction and brotherhood (brotherhood, that is, with our brethren in Moscow); the "only conceivable relationship between men [that is, between the U.S. and the USSR] is one based on . . . love . . . for each other"; there is a "new imperative for peace"; we must find that "great beat that is the heart of all human circumstances"—and so on! In short, Mr. Stevenson's advice can do nothing except strengthen the worst tendencies in the Administration's foreign policy.

Catechism on Basic Research

Q. What is basic research?
A. Basic research is research undertaken with a view to expanding man's knowledge.
Q. What is the correct name for scientific research that is *not* "basic"?
A. Such research is usually called "applied research"; it takes the basic-research findings of the sciences and endeavors to turn them to utilitarian advantage.
Q. Where and by whom, in a free society, is basic research normally performed?
A. At universities, by independent scholars looking not to the solution of practical problems but to the good health and further development of their respective sciences; or by independent scholars working on grants from private research foundations.
Q. Is there anything to be said for maintaining this distinction—that is, entrusting basic research to scholars independent of external directives and controls, and leaving applied research to industrial concerns, military agencies, etc.?
A. Yes: the moment you tie basic research to practical objectives you have in fact abandoned basic research.
Q. Is there any evidence that American basic research, so defined, lags behind Russian basic research?
A. On the contrary; The launching of the satellite, it should be noted, was a triumph in *applied* research.
Q. Are there sound reasons for viewing with suspicion current demands for increased government financing of basic research?
A. Sound Reasons—and urgent ones; the independence of basic research *vis à vis* government is characteristic both of free society and sound scientific organization; and the record in both Germany and Russia attests to the fact that pure science merely degenerates when it loses its independence.
Q. If we wish to accelerate the pace of basic research in the United States, what rules should we follow?
A. Two rules: a) Expand the resources available to private research agencies exclusively. b) Resist the temptation to orient the expanded research program to any practical objective (*e.g.*, satellites, missiles).

No Small Gain

We are not likely to see, either tomorrow or next day, the commonwealth of Spanish-speaking nations lately proposed by Foreign Minister Castiella of Spain. The Spanish-American countries, most of them accustomed to act as lone wolves in a world dominated by Washington, all owing their very existence to one form or another of rebellion against Spain, and none accustomed to look to Spain for political leadership, will certainly not leap at the proposal. It is, moreover, unfashionable: the current mode, apart from the British Commonwealth, is regional federations, based upon the arbitrary geographic considerations congenial to UN-oriented minds rather than considerations of common culture, common language, and common religion. And, for all the current talk about "modern communications," it is still a long trip from Madrid to Santiago—and a longer one, as the migration statistics show, from Santiago to Madrid.

Let us not, however, dismiss the Spanish project as entirely quixotic, or blind ourselves to its potential advantages. Whatever may have happened in the political sphere, Spain continues to be the intellectual and artistic leader of the Spanish-speaking world; its achievements tower far above those of any three of its daughters taken together; and religious and cultural ties have not been abolished, even if they do tend these days to be overlooked. Spain continues, moreover, to pour a steady stream of university-trained émigrés into the Latin American countries, where many of them, presumably retaining a certain loyalty to their native land, speedily rise to positions of wealth and influence.

The Spanish government, finally, gives every evidence of seriousness about the project: The rising group in Spanish politics, the monarchists, deeply believes that Spain is destined to lead a world-wide revolt, in the name of the Western tradition, against the destructive forces loosed by the French Revolution. And, clearly, any progress she may make in that direction can redound only to the benefit of freedom—which is to say, to the hurt of Liberalism and Communism. And if the proposed commonwealth, in the short term, accomplished nothing more than the injection of a little of Sancho Panza's good sense into the behavior of the Latin American ambassadors to the UN, that would be no small gain.

Our Contributors: GEORGE GENT ("Spokesman of His Age") is on the staff of the *New Y ': Times*. . . . FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN ("The Attack on Leisure") is at present in Spain on a Guggenheim fellowship. . . . PATRICIA FREAKES ("Defects Money Cannot Mend") is a mining engineer's wife who has been active in school affairs in Virginia.

Our next issue (November 30) is the Fall Book Number, and will include reviews, and discussions of books, by Priscilla L. Buckley, John Abbot Clark, Rodney Gilbert, Willmoore Kendall, Hugh Kenner, Russell Kirk, Revilo Oliver, Godfrey Schmidt and Stephen J. Tonsor.

NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

The Groggy Old Party

The prospects of conservatives capturing power in the Republican Party are brighter today than at any time since the late spring of 1952. Which is not to say they are bright: as long as Liberals dominate a Republican Adminstration and as long as they have first call on Eastern Big Money —the kind that figured so heavily in the nominations of Willkie, Dewey and Eisenhower—promising developments here and there on the fringes can only make things look less bad.

Promising developments are, nonetheless, occurring. In the off-year elections, for example. Democrats have won them, and they have won them in circumstances that necessarily improve the position of right-wing Republicans. In New Jersey Governor Meyner, like Senator Proxmire in Wisconsin two months ago, ran against candidates whose allegiance to the Eisenhower Administration was unquestioned, almost cringing. In both cases huge numbers of Republicans simply didn't vote. Whether this reflects an active protest against Republican policies, or mere lack of enthusiasm for them, really doesn't matter. A disgruntled stay-at-home and a bored one make exactly the same impression on a voting machine. The size of Meyner's victory, incidentally, came as a distinct shock to national GOP leaders. The Administration had privately lost hope of beating the Governor during the closing weeks of the campaign, but most pre-election analyses had Forbes only 50-60,000 votes behind. After his last tour of the state, Vice President Nixon thought Forbes would lose by 35-40,000. Meyner's victory margin was better than 200,000 votes.

J. Lindsey Almond's decisive triumph in Virginia's gubernatorial race surprised no one and proves what everyone has said it proves: that the Republican Party is through in the South for the foreseeable future. But standing alone, this is not good news for GOP conservatives: it strengthens the Liberals in the Administration by removing the need to take account of Southern reaction in future policy making.

The fate of the conservative—in this context let us call it the states' rights —position in the GOP is going to be decided in the North; in New Jersey and New York City, at least, Liberal Republicans got paid an exceedingly paltry reward for Little Rock. But this may not mean too much—Meyner's and Mayor Wagner's successes in Negro districts have been given far more attention than they deserve. Meyner, let us remember, demanded federal intervention at Little Rock long before Eisenhower acted, and got plenty of publicity for his pains. In New York, Mr. Christenberry's personal obscurity was such that he could hardly have been expected to swing new voting blocs into the Republican column, no matter how good his platform looked. Of much more significance in this connection is the adverse reaction to the Administration's integration policies among Midwestern whites. While the average Midwesterner is not doctrinaire on either the states' rights or the race issue, in the sense most Southerners are, *forced* integration, the Leviathan aspects of Little Rock, have not sat well in that part of the country—especially with the Party's financial contributors.

Policy Change Due

But what really matters in this business—as this column has pointed out repeatedly—is not so much what voters think as what the Party organization thinks they think. True, the organization men have "principles," just as the voters and the commentators and the ideologues do. But over and beyond their principles they have a job to do: their peculiar function is to devise policies and select candidates that will win favor with the electorate. The "New Republicanism" was avowedly an effort designed to accommodate voter demands. Arthur Larson, in his book, elevated this function to a "principle," and Dwight Eisenhower, in his acceptance speech at San Francisco, made it a "philosophy." Similarly with conservative politicians: they tend to soft-pedal personal convictions, or advertise them—depending on the direction voter sentiment seems to be pointing.

Ever since the 1956 elections the Republican organization has been sharply divided on how to win votes. For the Administration and the majority of the GOP national committee, last November was a vindication of the New Republicanism. Some state organizations, notably in the East, shared that view. The congressional campaign committees, however, saw things differently: the poor showing of the GOP congressional candidates in 1956 proved Ike's coattails were not helpful and that Administration policies did not have widespread appeal. Most state organizations agreed.

Quiet Divorce Advocated

Everything that has happened since then—the strong reaction against the budget, against foreign aid, against federal aid to education, against Little Rock, the recent parsimony of the Party's financial wheelhorses and now the Wisconsin and New Jersey elections— has strengthened the hand of the conservatives. Long before the Wisconsin and New Jersey returns came in to prove their point, Senator Schoeppel and Representative Simpson, the chairmen of the two GOP congressional campaign committees, had argued that a quiet divorce from the Administration was the only hope of salvaging the 1958 campaign and had let it be known in Party circles that they were prepared to fight the National Committee right down the line.

The break is now out in the open. Here is a sample of the kind of thing Rep. Simpson is telling Republican groups—the excerpts are from a recent speech to the New Mexico Federation of Republican Women:

> A Republican candidate for Congress in 1958 will not be breaking with President Eisenhower . . . if he confines his campaign to local issues and endorses only those policies of the President which meet the demands of the candidate's constituents.
>
> . . . not everything undertaken in

(*Continued on p. 471*)

Spokesman of His Age

He is the very model of a modern educator, Ivy League type; and he speaks for his kind with conviction and unfailing alacrity

GEORGE GENT

A very few men are born to be the prophets of their age. For others, it is enough to be its spokesmen. Harold Taylor of Sarah Lawrence College must be accounted among the latter.

Indeed, there is a sense in which Dr. Taylor might be called the Voice of Mid-Century America. Like one of our great rivers, he is continuously renewed from the countless streams and rivulets of our intellectual and moral life. The Utopian rhetoric, the moral passion, the positivist belief in the total adequacy of science, the Humanist faith in the perfectability of man—in short, the sum of those traits Eric Voegelin attributed to the Gnostic intellect, are found unalloyed in the youthful person of Harold Taylor.

Two words are most frequently used by friends and critics alike when describing Dr. Taylor. They are "boyishness" and "earnestness." The first refers to his youthful good looks and athletic physique. The second to his undoubted penchant for controversy and Liberal causes.

In a remarkably successful career, Dr. Taylor has evinced an almost compulsive urge to mount the barricades in defense of threatened freedoms, however trivial. Whether—like most good actors—he has grown into his part, or whether he suffers from a Sartrean nausea brought on by a superfluity of conservatives—the compulsiveness is a fact.

Harold Taylor was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1914, and educated in the public schools of that city. An all-around man, he captained his high school's football, basketball and track teams, edited its magazine, played the clarinet and conducted the school orchestra. It was the same at the University of Toronto. He played football and basketball while majoring in philosophy and English literature. He was voted the outstanding man of his class for all-around ability, and when he graduated in 1935, was awarded a scholarship for advanced study.

The following year he took his M.A. degree at Toronto, and from there went to the University of London. While in England, he earned expenses by writing for periodicals, editing a musicians' newspaper on modern jazz and leading an orchestra aboard a cruising liner.

Taylor left London in 1938 with a Ph.D. degree. The following year he went to the University of Wisconsin as an instructor and research fellow in philosophy. The legend says he coached the varsity tennis team on the side. It also says he married an English girl he had met on a cruise, and that he became an American citizen in 1947.

Uncharted Path

A typical Amerian youth, one is tempted to remark. Not exactly typical, however. Because in 1945, when he was just thirty, Harold Taylor became a boy-wonder of the Academy when he was named president of Sarah Lawrence College. The awesome responsibility may have been the determining factor in his earnest approach to life.

There is still some question as to why he was chosen for the position. Taylor once told a reporter that he had been interviewed at Wisconsin by two female members of the Sarah Lawrence faculty. They were on a president-hunting expedition, and someone directed them to the youthful member of the philosophy department.

"We sat down and talked about education, the Sarah Lawrence kind of education," was the way Taylor described this appointment with destiny.

And what is a Sarah Lawrence education? Dr. Taylor gave us a hint in his installation address. In the future, he declared, "the test of a truly liberal education will become not the student's verbal acquaintance with college courses but the quality of the student's responsible thinking about man and nature." To this end, Sarah Lawrence has done away with required courses, examinations, the credit system and traditional methods of grading. Contemptuous of what he calls the "punitive" aspects of traditional education, Taylor stresses a program aimed at developing the *inner-consciousness* of the student.

Though trained as a philosopher, Taylor is no friend of tradition. He has chosen, instead, to pursue the expansive possibilities of Educating for Democracy. These tangled paths are relatively uncharted, so that each man becomes his own pioneer and cartographer. The advantages are obvious.

Dr. Taylor has frequently deplored the dearth of controversy in American life. Though he himself has done much to remedy this situation—even to proposing a curriculum built around controversial issues—Dr. Taylor often seems unable to distinguish between *real* and *imagined* dangers. For instance, he once cautioned an audience of university women:

> When the censors come, drive them away; when the dead weight of convention sets on new work and ideas, push it off; when good teachers, writers and books are accused of causing harm, speak out for the freedom they need.

Only a dead man could fail to be warmed by such sentiments. But sentiment and good intentions are small proof against real dangers. As a pragmatist, Taylor is inclined to judge each issue as it arises. On the question of Communists teaching in the schools, his response was nothing less than naive. As early as 1949, a *New York Times* survey cited his views on Communist teachers as being contrary

to those of most of his colleagues in the nation's colleges. He was quoted as saying "as long as the Communist Party is constitutional in this country, an avowed Communist has the right to teach in a college or university. However, whether he should continue to do so depends upon the integrity of his work."

In the vanguard of the anti-McCarthy hysteria that swept the nation's campuses in the early 1950's, Taylor drew up a statement of policy for Sarah Lawrence regarding Communist teachers. It read in part:

> It is a principle accepted by the faculty, the president and the trustees alike that there is to be no indoctrination of students with a political, philosophical or religous dogma. No person, therefore, who takes his intellectual orders from an outside authority, whether Communist or any other, could be given or could retain the responsibility of membership in the Sarah Lawrence faculty.

In view of what is known about Communist infiltration of student organizations in several Eastern colleges, this sentence from the report can only be termed naive: "Prejudiced or politically-inspired teaching would quickly reveal itself, and would be rejected by the students and by the whole college."

Defense of Joseph Barnes

In his famous brush with the Westchester County American Legion, Taylor made a courageous if ambiguous stand for academic freedom.

The Legion had attacked him for describing Joseph Barnes as a "valuable addition to our faculty" after Barnes had been identified by several witnesses at the McCarthy hearings as a Communist agent. Barnes, a former Moscow corrpesondent and foreign editor for the *New York Herald Tribune*, denied repeatedly that he had ever been a Soviet agent. When Barnes offered to resign his position as lecturer on current events, a Legion spokesman charged, Taylor refused to accept it. The Sarah Lawrence head declared that the college had investigated Barnes' record and was satisfied that he was not a security risk. He said Sarah Lawrence would maintain its position never to deprive a teacher of his post if he met the tests of candor, honesty and scholarly integrity.

Meanwhile, Barnes' friends were saying that he had been cleared by the FBI. Rabbi Benjamin Schultz—a staunch anti-Communist—was skeptical of the claim and wired the FBI for confirmation. J. Edgar Hoover replied: "As you indicate in your telegram, the FBI does not make charges against or issue clearance to anyone. Accordingly, we are not taking any position with regard to Mr. Joseph Barnes."

Wherever Dr. Taylor got his knowledge of the Communist conspiracy, it was still possible for him to say in February 1952: "I doubt very much that there is a known member of the Communist Party now teaching in an American college."

Since those glorious days when all good Liberal Knights fought the dragon McCarthy, however, Sir Harold has been a man in search of a cause. Frequently angry, he is good copy for the Sunday morning papers. His jousts in the name of liberty have provided such sterling defenses as an address at the Museum of Art, in the course of which he told his audience that he condemned any and all attacks against education and modern art that repudiate what he called "the basic idea of American society—freedom."

All well and good. But he went on to include in the general anathema anyone from the President of the United States to war veterans and—so help me—"conservative sculptors." The latter, presumably, are to be denied the right of protest. Political ideology, henceforth, shall be the arbiter between cubists, realists and garbage can-ists.

None of this anti-traditionalism should come as a surprise. As an educator, Dr. Taylor has broken with the past as outmoded and a proved failure. For evidence he points to Nazi Germany where, he contends, there was no dearth of classical learning. That there was also very little left of traditional Christianity in a nation that had passed through the successive revolutions of eighteenth-century rationalism, nineteenth-century romanticism and scientism, and twentieth-century nationalism and racism, seems to have escaped his notice.

No one in his right mind would claim that classical training alone will make men saints. Even the Greeks felt the need for character training and the study of ethics. But why cavil, when Dr. Taylor has his own vision of the rightful ends of education. In a book he edited titled *Essays in Teaching*, his own contribution said in part:

> Education and the colleges are *instruments of social transition*. Their role is to *infuse the social order with ideas concerning the changes which are taking place within it*, and continually to make judgments about the direction and quality of these changes. Without them there is no agency through which the ideas and values of *contemporary society* can be continually tested by men and women who can give most of their time to it, and *who care most deeply about it*. [Italics mine]

Doubtless, a person with strong forensic talents could make such a position appear innocuous enough, but Dr. Taylor is never devious. He is not one to hide his light under a mortarboard, but has spoken out eloquently and often. Only last year, in an address before the National Students Congress in Chicago, Dr. Taylor said he thought students were not receiving the attention they warranted. "This is odd," he opined, "since students are the reason for having colleges and universities."

Disciple of Dewey

He also proposed giving students a greater role in the development of educational policy "since they were the ones who knew at first hand the qualities and values in the education they are receiving" and have at their disposal a "gold mine of information" to be used for the improvement of higher education.

If this struck you as rank Deweyism, you would be right. Dr. Taylor's devotion to the Father Progressivist is well known. When Dewey died in 1952, Dr. Taylor's tribute led all the rest in the *New York Times*.

> John Dewey started a revolution in the American educational system. He did so by showing teachers and students how to liberate themselves from the *tyranny of authority, dogma and indoctrination*. He conceived the whole of life as an educational experience and *conceived education as the sum total of all experience*. [Italics mine]

That last is a philosophical howler, but we'll let it pass. In a book he published in 1954, *On Education and*

(*Continued on p. 471*)

Letter from Abroad

Notes from London

(The Seventh, and Last, of a Series)

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

I write not knowing whether this evening's plane will carry us back to New York, but certain that if it does not, tomorrow's will; for surely my wife's tenacious cold, which has resisted science, must soon succumb to longevity. We do not discuss what brought it on, because our relationship with our hosts being of the kind that permits frank talk, we twitted them, while we were together in the sun of the Continent, about English heating habits. Having done that, we are now estopped from bringing the matter up. The first day or two after we arrived, my host and I spent the better part of the day going from room to room flicking switches. He was turning the electric heaters off, I was turning them on. It was not, the Lord knows, that these exorbitantly generous people begrudge us the electricity. It is simply that out of an egregious solicitude, they have sought to anticipate our every desire: among which most surely was (their actions indicated) a running anxiety to do something about the suffocating heat. It was only along about the third day that they perceived that we *like* it that way, so the word is out that no one, with the exception of myself, is permitted to turn a heater *off*. Poor Alistair! He gets up very early to do his work, for, though he says nothing, I can tell that during the day he cannot bear to be in his study, in which I have a desk. Too hot.

I met at a small party given for me by the Hornes some attractive and intelligent men, one or two of whom are familiar to NATIONAL REVIEW readers. I persuaded Mr. Colm Brogan, the witty and learned journalist whose brother Denis W. is the more or less official English interpreter of America (he is more serious than Alistair Cooke or J. B. Priestley), to write about Aneurin Bevan for us, in a future issue. Anthony Lejeune is a far younger man than I had imagined, and I listened with fascination while he explained and defended primogeniture; we seized the occasion, of course, to bemoan the respective financial difficulties of *Time and Tide* and NATIONAL REVIEW. Lord Altrincham, By Appointment of H. M. the Queen, First Critic of the Queen, believes (and has so written in the *National Review* of which he is editor) that the Queen has greatly improved her public demeanor in recent months, and is quite prepared to go along in a *post hoc ergo propter hoc* explanation of that improvement. David Price, whom I knew well at Yale, I last saw in 1954, at which time he scientifically demonstrated to me the impossibility of his being elected to the House of Commons, six months before being elected to the House of Commons. Now, once again, he explained that it would be a sheer impossibility for him to be re-elected at the next general election—which he is certain Macmillan, all things being equal, will not call until the very end of his term. Philip Goodhart, amiable, intelligent, always a little withdrawn, was formerly an editorial writer for the *Daily Telegraph*, for the *Sunday Times*, and was once editor of *Time and Tide*. He is now a member of the House of Commons, and parliamentary assistant to Julien Amery, a leader of the hard right who wrote an analysis of the Middle East for NATIONAL REVIEW a few months before Suez. Subsequently he supported vociferously Eden's move into Suez, in the councils of his divided party. Philip rues the day he was sent to America to school, and blames the deficiencies in his education on the leisurely gait of American secondary schooling. Ian Fraser, a brilliant journalist whom I met a few years ago when he headed the Reuters office in Rome, has turned, in disgust, to investment banking.

There is a wonderful amiability among Englishmen of conflicting political faiths which, for an American, is strange and awesome. I don't know it for a fact, but I shouldn't be at all surprised if the editors of the *Economist*, the *New Statesman and Nation*, and the *Tablet* met regularly to exchange gossip, witticisms and ideas, to further, in a personal way, the dialogue they carry on with cannonades in the pages of their journals. Dwight Macdonald wrote a year or so ago in *Encounter* that though he had edited a magazine of opinion in New York for five years (*Politics*), is middle-aged and gregarious, he does not to this day know a single editor of *Time*, *Newsweek*, or of half a dozen journals of opinion, because it is not the habit of American journalists of different opinions to mix. In England one can hurl insults at a man, in Parliament or in the press, today, and tomorrow serve as godfather to his child. Surely the Englishman most tormented, throughout his career, by Winston Churchill's invective is Clement Attlee: but Attlee gladly contributed a chapter, two years ago, to a volume panegyrizing Churchill, even while Churchill was Prime Minister and head of the hated Tory Party. And, *noblesse oblige*, when he retired, Sir Winston made Attlee an earl.

The English carry it too far, to be sure. On the day I met with the galaxy I described, Jacob Malik was entertaining at the Soviet Embassy, a brilliant affair celebrating the anniversary of what the bourgeois press of the world persists in calling the Russian Revolution; and sure enough, exactly one year after the British diplomatic corps, summoning up its deepest resources of indignation, had refused to take tea at the Soviet Embassy party as a protest against the rape of Hungary, there they were —all of them, from Selwyn Lloyd on down, beaming away. If there was any stiffness in the air, it was caused by the uncertain fate of Little Lemon (that is what the English have dubbed the dog), whose use by the Russians has caused an uproar in the land where the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has the power to depose kings. If the Soviets bring that cur back alive, God help us: as far as England is concerned, we'll have to go it alone.

And so, back to work.

The Liberal Line...

WILLMOORE KENDALL

The Test that Is No Test

The story of the clear and present danger test and its role in American constitutional law has often been told; but never before in the same way, or for the same purpose, as in the new book by Walter Berns of which we were speaking last week *(Freedom, Virtue and the First Amendment)*.

The test originated as an attempt to get around a difficulty that is inherent in our Constitution in its original form, and has become more formidable by far since the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment, namely this:

The First Amendment *appears* to forbid any and every abridgment by Congress of certain rights: freedom of speech, press, religion, association and assembly. But the First Amendment is part of a *Constitution*, the purpose of which is to vouchsafe to the American people certain goods—justice, for example—that are set forth in its Preamble. Now: unless freedom and justice are one and the same thing (which pretty clearly they are not) the "absolute prohibition" of the First Amendment must, on occasion, be set aside—so as to "free" Congress and the Executive to take action on behalf of those other goods. Freedom may be—probably should be—the rule; but there must be exceptions—and clear and present danger was intended as a rule to cover the exceptions. There are, the doctrine runs, certain evils that Congress has a right to prevent; when freedom of speech is so used as to pose a "clear and present danger" of one of those evils, the government's —that is the federal government's—hands are no longer tied by the First Amendment. Whatever it *appears* to say, the First Amendment permits certain speech and prohibits certain speech; the dividing line between the permitted and the prohibited is clear and present danger; and the effect of the dividing line—as we have long been assured by our constitutional lawyers—is to place a certain area of discourse well within the absolute prohibitions of the First Amendment, and so beyond the government's reach. And, ever since the Fourteenth Amendment, which seems to have extended the First Amendment prohibitions to the states, beyond the reach of the state governments as well. The clear and present danger test becomes, therefore, a bulwark of our freedom—a guarantee of our rights "against" the federal government and the state governments.

Berns thinks that the test, in its original form and used for the purpose for which it was originally conceived, has much to be said for it—but precisely *not* what previous scholars have said for it. For in its original form it was a means of letting the federal government, despite the First Amendment, send people to jail for abusing the right to free speech, which Berns, unlike most of his predecessors, thinks it a good thing to let the federal government be in position to do. In a word: the Supreme Court does not, in practice, enforce the First Amendment prohibitions in any case to which the federal government is one party and someone accused of abusing free speech is the other party; and the proof is: the accused always goes to jail. Berns finds *not a single case* in which the "test" has saved somebody from being imprisoned by the U.S. government.

Berns, I repeat, thinks that is all to the good, so when he speaks of the "shambles" of the law of the First Amendment he does not include the fact that everyone always goes to jail in his indictment (as one wishes he would). But his main point—that the federal government's hands must not be wholly tied by the First Amendment; that the danger test untied them at a moment when the free-speechites might well have tied them completely, and that the *test* was, therefore, a healthy development—is brilliantly argued and, in my view, unassailably sound. So also is his parallel point concerning the First Amendment and the states: just as the test rescues *nobody* when the federal government is the plaintiff, so it rescues *everybody* when a state or municipality is the plaintiff. And the states and municipalities of course have far more impact upon the quality of our freedom than the federal government.

Let us be quite clear what Berns means by this: During a long period of recent Supreme Court history, as he shows by patient and skilful analysis of the cases, the free-speechites used the danger test to enforce the First Amendment as an absolute prohibition against state or municipal interference of *any* kind with freedom of speech or religion; used it, as this columnist would prefer to put it, as a means of declaring the United States, as far as local authority is concerned, an "open society," in which no kind of speech, no sort of so-called religious practice, could be prohibited or punished save on the grounds that it was a clear and present danger. Worse still, the free-speechites always refused to be convinced that any kind of speech or religious practice was a clear and present danger. On the state-municipal level, that is to say, they made the test one that nobody ever fails, that is, no test at all; and, even if sometimes they were outvoted, they caused the Supreme Court to fail in its central function in this area, namely: to maintain a situation in which state and municipal officials can with fair certainty know beforehand what, under the First Amendment, they are and are not empowered to do. Yet, insists Berns, they are the custodians of community interests that, if less urgent, may well be more important than national security—interests that, in any case, must be protected against abuses of freedom of speech and freedom of religion if we are to have a decent society.

And Berns will leave few readers unconvinced—whether he intends this or not—that these interests can be protected only if we take the Supreme Court away from the Liberals.

A Westminster Letter

"To Temporize Is Death"

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

"This time last year," I thought. For the voice, asking its rather staggering questions over the long-distance wire, yesterday, was the same voice that had telephoned this time last year, almost to a day. It belongs to a friend who has spent a good many years in public life and public service. There was the same tenseness in his voice now as there had been a year before, but for reasons as different as if, in the meantime, the world had spun over on its axis and reversed its poles. Then the voice had seemed to me curiously optimistic (the Hungarian revolt was on). Now it seemed to be speaking from the bottom of a pit (Sputnik II had been launched the day before). Until that moment, I had not realized, could scarcely have believed possible, the degree of alarm that the second Communist moon had stirred in the West.

The voice said: "Suppose the Russians have one hundred rockets of the thrust that launched the second Sputnik, and that the rockets have hydrogen warheads. Suppose they are trained on the United States. Will the Russians first give us an ultimatum in the hope of taking our technology intact? Or will they launch the rockets without any ultimatum? Certain quarters," the voice went on, "have put that question to their Communist experts. What would your answer be?" As put to me, it was a purely personal, unofficial question; I am not a Communist expert. Perhaps that is why, instead of reaching for a graph, I thought: "This time last year . . ." Let us remember that time a little, because it bears both on my friend's question and my answer.

This time last year, I came out of my workroom, one morning, to find my wife waiting, shaken and distracted, just outside. "They've come back," she said. "They're bombing the city. It's horrible." It was Sunday, November 4, 1956. The Soviet armor had wheeled back on Budapest. We listened to the pleas for help from the Hungarian resistance radios, boosted, rebroadcast or paraphrased by the stations of the West. One appeal broke off: "May God help you and help us." "At that point, the Hungarian station went off the air," said the American announcer's Sunday voice—comes out like a ribbon, lies flat on the brush. At that point, in fact, the man with the tommy-gun had kicked in the door, and it required no imagination at all to know what had happened next in that Hungarian studio. My wife burst out: "Why don't they stop those horrible commercials! Why don't all the stations pray, why doesn't everyone simply pray to God to help the Hungarians? Poor people, oh, poor, poor people!" She rocked back and forth silently in order not to give way further to her grief.

I said nothing. I was thinking of what the West would do, or, as I surmised, would not do, with this historic opportunity. I was remembering certain words of Lenin's at the great turning-point of this century. He was warning his sluggard henchmen that history sometimes gives men one chance, and that it seldom gives them a second chance; that, for resolute and intelligent men, given that chance, not to seize and act upon it is "crime"; that "to temporize is like death," "to temporize *is* death."

This time last year, the temporizing UN was trying to try to push through a resolution condemning the Hungarian horror; was screaming moral indignation, though somewhat like the duck in *Peter and the Wolf*, "from the middle of the pond." This time last year, the voice that telephoned me yesterday called from Washington to ask hopefully: "What do you think? Will we intervene in Hungary?" I said: "No intervention. The people are afraid it means world war. If you could put it to a vote, you would not get one thousand votes for intervention in the whole country." The figure might just as well have been one million votes without in any way changing the fact.

This time last year, I wrote, to try to fix, first of all, the physical image of those events while they were happening, and then certain of their wider meanings, but also, perhaps, out of the need that sometimes makes men scrawl last-minute notes that may never be read and set them adrift in bottles that may never be found. So I wrote: "There are names that belong to the language of destiny, and one of them is Budapest—Budapest of the November days. In hallways, civilians huddled over machine-guns—men as watery with fear, you may be sure, as all others who have gone against Communism, not with words only, but with acts. On the streets, half-grown boys, darting bare-handed against Soviet armor, to stuff flaming rags in the tank vents. Patrolling the shattered housefronts, children with slung rifle and tormented faces. On the public squares, the ranged bodies of the fallen, already nondescript in death, and stared at by the nondescript living of a kind that always clots around the raw edges of action. A late autumn landscape of an age that certainly supposes itself to be some kind of summit of accomplishment."

"A Phase of Hope"

This time last year, I wrote: "Here, on the Hungarian and on the Polish plain, history is struggling to break in two. A phase has been arrested, which (visibly) from Teheran and Yalta through the Communist conquest of China, and (incalculably) in every direction beyond, has been one of piecemeal disaster to mankind. In its stead, there has opened the possibility of a phase of hope, still highly unstable and inconclusive. In this new region of experience, the Hungarians hold the first heights of meaning. The mind cannot enter here from the West except by way of Hungary, any more than you can enter Thermopylae from the south without passing that marker which, after two thousand years, still says to those who may have forgotten every other fact about the Persian Wars: Stranger, tell the Lacedemonians that we lie here, obeying their command.

"This is not because the center of political gravity in the satellite situa-

tion lies in Hungary. Events are likely to disclose that it lies, as it has from the first, in Poland and in the Germanies (West as well as East). Least of all is it, as we have so often heard of late, because Soviet action in Hungary has at last stripped the mask from Communism and revealed its true face. Anybody who had to wait for Budapest to tell him that does not know what century he has been born into. Nothing has happened in Hungary by way of horror that has not happened repeatedly within the Communist Empire, and more horribly. Millions of Russians (let us remember) have already been destroyed, defying Communism. Their struggle and their cries were lost in the distances of Euro-Asia. But we *heard* the Hungarians, and they tore at least at our nerves.

"Those cries command our attention first to a challenge that is as simple as it is timeless. All other factors change or fade—the, politics, economics or their catchwords that men defied or defended. But resistance enacts a human meaning that is always the same. It says that when man, the sufferer, rises by courage above the odds of pain, he liberates by his act the one force that brute power, destroying all else, is powerless to destroy. There is more. To the exact degree in which brute power is most incontinently brutal, those who resist compel it to collaborate in dramatizing that meaning. That done, resistance, though it can be crushed, cannot be defeated. Disaster is not defeat. Resistance outlives disaster because the sons remember the fathers, and that memory is caught at again and again by others who suffer, and whom it moves to dream of resisting in their turn. This is the dialectic of hope; it stirs in darkness."

This time last year, I wrote: "But there is not just one challenge. There are two of them. It is not only Soviet power that the Hungarians have challenged. They also confront the West with a challenge equal to, or greater than, their challenge to Communism. The history of the past forty years has been marked by this incongruity: that Communism, permanently strife-torn and precarious, and weak in most material ways beyond anything imaginable to the average experience of the West, has repeatedly stood off or scored off a West in most material ways immensely more powerful. Until Communism detonated its A and H Bombs, it was never a question of comparative power. Power, on the part of the West, was never lacking. Will was lacking. And that failure of will was matched by a failure of intelligence, taking form as an inert complacency, varied recurrently by sweeps of illusion that Communism was about to change into the exact opposite of what it is, into the opposite of all that has given it power and empire, into something more like that image that the West cherishes of the West, something more eligible for the garden party guest-list. This of the most consistently implacable revolution in history. It is to that failure of will and intelligence in the West that the Hungarians have cried: 'Halt!', challenging it to reverse its forty-year retreat by giving it precisely what most it dreads—an opportunity."

But at last I pushed those pages to one side. Who, in the West, would read in them anything but overblown feeling; as if revolution for Communism or against it, were ever made by anything less than feeling, running molten under the pressures of necessity. But feeling does not, as one of our fondest notions has it, keep the measuring mind from measuring narrowly the reality of what it feels about. I knew before I had finished writing that, within weeks, what I was writing about would be as dated as if it dealt with another age.

The opportunity had been given and it had gone. Autumn had frozen into winter. The Hungarian revolution had passed into the stricken twitchings of the general strike. The West continued to babble about it—some jumble of initials or words that meant that a second revolt might occur in the spring. What does the West know of the pathology of revolution, let alone the pathology of a revolution defeated, which converts at once into mean commonplaces of a kind that make no colorful news stories—the helplessness, grief and induced terror of those who have had the mischance to survive fathers, brothers, sons, who have been shot, jailed, or have simply "disappeared"? Or the unheroic monotony of no food, fuel, gas, electricity; the grimy misery of cold, continual, sapping cold; and the colder knowledge, gained by so hideous a trial and error, that no help is coming from anywhere, not in time, not in any way that counts. The defeated almost never revolt twice—not in quick succession. Nor did we need any expert to tell us this. One Hungarian resistance fighter had packed it all into one sentence; not bitterly, either, but with the simple statement of fact which is more impaling. He said: "You did not organize even a gun-running service for us."

And This Year

So, yesterday, one year later, I answered to this effect the startling question of the voice that had asked so different a question, this time last year: "If the Russians have one hundred ICBMs trained on us and mean to use them—then, in my fallible opinion, you can be quite sure that there will be no ultimatum. The Russians will launch the rockets first and talk afterwards, if there is anybody left worth talking to. On the other hand, again in my fallible opinion, the Russians do not have one hundred such rockets trained on us. Nor do I believe that such saturation attack forms any part of over-all Communist strategy at this time. Communist strategy seems to me to have quite different procedures and ends in view, geared to a close, forty-year scrutiny and experience of the West."

"For once," said the voice, brightening, "you are more hopeful than I am." I said: "That is not hope." I meant this: Budapest convinced me that the will and intelligence of the West are still unequal to what besets them, and this regardless of the sumptuousness of our retaliatory power. What price retaliatory power if, having it, you must stand by, lacking the will or ingenuity to improvise "even a gun-running service for us"? I take it to be a matter of simple fact that the retaliatory power of the Strategic Air Command still offsets any temporary thrustahead of Communist rocket prowess—as the President has assured us in the first of his "chins-up" talks. Retaliatory power is a simple necessity of survival. But retaliatory power keeps rocketing into ever more terrifying stages of stalemate. And there is probably a limit, not easy for the

layman to grasp, beyond which these sprints into progressive stalemate can sprint no farther. Even now, neither side dares break the relative stalemate except in the certainty of consequences so frightful that imagination rejects as pointless the effort to picture them.

Forward motion in either direction would seem, therefore, to lie outside the central stalemate. This is a revolutionary conflict we are locked in, and, in it, we are, perforce, compelled to act as much as revolutionists as the enemy, though in a different way.

For victory must presumably go to him who succeeds in overleaping or by-passing the weapons stalemate, and swinging to his side decisive population masses and their economies now beyond his control. This is the strategic thrust of the theses of the 20th Congress of the Soviet Communist Party, now personified in the leadership of Nikita Khrushchev. That is what, at the moment, the Middle East is about. This is why what I can see by Sputnik II's dim light alarms me less than it alarmed my telephoning friend and millions of others. It is why, instead, I look back from Sputnik II to Hungary, this time last year.

Some years ago, I met in an unlikely executive office, high in a New York skyscraper, a little group of men, introduced namelessly as leaders in America of a Hungarian resistance movement. I did not know why we had met and I do not know now. The modern world is like that. But suddenly the spokesman for the rest asked me: "Do you know what is America's secret weapon?" I said: no. He brought his hand with unexpected force against his chest as he answered: "We, *we* are your secret weapon."

In the days of Budapest, I thought often of that odd conversation. I thought, too, that, if we were holding it again, I should have put a question in my turn. I should have asked: "Do you think we shall know how to use our secret weapon?" But I should have spared them from answering by answering myself: "Neither do I." The moment when the West, by action, has made that answer untrue, will, I suspect, mark a turn in history quite as decisive in its way as Sputnik II.

SPOKESMAN OF HIS AGE

(*Continued from p. 466*)

Freedom, Dr. Taylor invited his fellow educators to eschew abstractions and loose theories about education and concern themselves with "ideas that are helpful and interesting and can be put into practice."

His program would seem to leave little room for values (duty, for instance, is almost always onerous), studies without immediate appeal (metaphysics may seem ridiculous until I have learned enough to realize that an uncaused world is even more so), or even the delights of music (I am not now interested, I shall never play an instrument, ergo, it is not helpful but useless).

In the face of such vacuity, what can be said? Shall Plato begin by teaching Socrates? Aristotle was not so callow, nor were the Medievalists and Humanists. It remained for our own time to overturn values and change order into chaos. Knowledge must be received before it can be weighed; values must be chosen to be worthy of the name; old men may not be wise, but young men are rarely so. Deweyism has wrought havoc in the primary and secondary schools; is it now the turn of the Liberal Arts College?

Dr. Taylor is a man of paradoxes. With one breath he affirms the revolution in American education and calls for more federal aid, more schools and ever more students. With the next he speaks his contempt for the standardized semi-literates being spawned by the big universities. In the Chicago speech quoted above, he challenged his student-audience to become "uncommon men," and to avoid turning into intellectual ciphers and men in gray flannel suits. Heartening words these, but it is not in universities holding to a classical curriculum that the mass-mind is being produced.

His vaunted social consciousness is of a piece with his educational theory. Rhetorical passion takes the place of serious thought. He has frequently—and to his credit—deplored the fact that higher education in America is too often limited to "Whites, Gentiles and the Wealthy." Very true! But coming from the president of a posh Eastern college—with one of the wealthiest student bodies in the nation— it seems overdrawn. The wealthy have produced more than their share of fools, no doubt, but Dr. Taylor should not forget they also made possible Sarah Lawrence.

It is possible that President Taylor can reconcile the difficulties in his position. Otherwise, he may awaken one morning to find his doctrine blowing through empty halls once tenanted by a race of wise men. It may then be too late to recall that barbarism, once on the throne, is not easily put down.

NATIONAL TRENDS

(*Continued from p. 464*)

> Washington has met with general voter approval . . . it is up to the candidates . . . to make known their dissents and to work to change or eliminate undesirable policies.
>
> . . . recent political history has emphasized the wisdom and necessity of campaigning on home front issues and basic Republican Party philosophy.

The same fight has long been brewing in the national Young Republicans organization. The strength of Administration critics in the YRs was demonstrated at last summer's convention with the adoption of a number of anti-Administration resolution. And at a meeting of the YR's national committee a little over a month ago, the fur flew on precisely the point: can the GOP hope to get control of the next Congress without jettisoning the rhetoric and playing down a substantial part of the "program" of the New Republicanism?

The next move belongs to Meade Alcorn and the senior GOP National Committee. The committee convenes next month and will undoubtedly be confronted by strong demands, especially from its Midwestern members, to fall in line with the campaign strategy of the congressional campaign committees. Mr. Alcorn is now tending to support this view. Alcorn's travels around the country have seriously dampened his original faith in the political viability of the New Republicanism, and it well may be he who lays it on the line to the White House. By laying it on the line, I mean threatening to resign unless the White House accommodates its political strategy to current estimates of voter sentiment, and actually resigning if the White House is obdurate.

Letter from London

Moving to a Showdown

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

The cellars beneath the House of Commons have been searched according to custom for any lurking Guy Fawkes, and Parliament is back at work. The House of Lords kicked off with a debate on its own reform. For forty years successive Governments have talked about reforming the Lords and for forty years the issue has been shirked: the only "reform" which has taken place has been a steady erosion of the powers of the Upper House by socialistic legislation until the only power which the Lords have left is a short suspensory veto and that not applicable to finance bills.

The Labor Party would like to see the Lords stripped of even this brief authority, if not abolished altogether. The paradoxical result is that proposals for Lords reform have been largely blocked by the Socialists for fear that the Upper House might be strengthened. Because of this curious deadlock, the Government is even now making only the most tentative proposals: that women should be allowed to sit in the Lords and that there should be life peerages. Lord Salisbury's much more comprehensive plan to reduce the number of Peers entitled to sit and thus to strengthen the deliberations of the House by confining them to its best members has been ignored.

The old problem remains. Those of us who believe that there is virtue in the hereditary system and great virtue in an unelected Upper House which can restrain the excesses of the Commons are unlikely to find much support among the elected politicians of the Lower House. A second chamber is most useful when it remains relatively non-political as, whatever the Socialists may say (because so few Peers are Socialists), the Lords are now; and the great danger is that any strengthening reform would be tied to Party political lines, which is exactly what we don't want.

Meanwhile, absolute power rests in the bear-garden of the Commons, where the new session started with some distinctly rough games. The government reiterated its determination not to finance inflation. If the nationalized industries allowed further wage increases, there would be no Treasury grant to meet them. This, cried the Socialists, was tantamount to a declaration of war on the trade unions. It meant that the Government was predetermining the result of wage negotiations by saying there could be no raise whatever the merits of the case.

As a Parliamentary exercise Mr. Macmillan's team put up much the better performance. Unfortunately the situation has got far beyond the point where Parliamentary exercises carry much weight. In the real world outside Westminster everyone feels that the final trial of strength is very near. The same unions which began last year's 5 per cent twist of inflation are now back at the head of the line. If they win again, the pound will soon go the way of the franc with all the human loss and misery and injustice which that entails. The non-union section of the community applauds the Government's strong words but applauds cautiously for it has no faith that they will be backed by deeds. The Socialists smell blood and are baying for office. The trade union leaders are carrying firmly on with their pay claims, confident of victory.

Just to make matters worse, Mr. Harold Wilson, the Labor Party's "Shadow Chancellor," backed by a number of left-inclined economists who should know better, is going about saying that inflation is no longer the danger; the real danger now is world deflation. There will be unemployment: the "underdeveloped countries" will suffer from the falling world price of raw materials: instead of pursuing a deliberately restrictionist policy, the Government should take the brakes off and cooperate with the unions. Vainly the Government replies that if the price of British goods continues to rise, we shall not be able to sell them overseas and there will be massive unemployment. Vainly the right-wing economists protest that if the "underdeveloped countries" are meeting economic difficulties, the fault lies largely with them for embarking on ill-conceived socialistic development plans. Vainly the ordinary housewife wonders if it wouldn't be a good thing for world prices to fall a little. Vainly the realists point out that what the unions mean by cooperation is an arrangement for them to get their own way.

As in most bad arguments, there is of course a crumb of truth in what Mr. Wilson and the trade unionists say. Britain's economy is not isolated and self-determining. However boldly and prudently the British Government tackles the economic crisis, its plans could be completely frustrated by events outside its own control. Sensible people recognize this but still insist that the first thing to do is what can be done boldly and prudently. In the international money market sterling is worth exactly what foreigners think it is worth. The rise in the bank rate bolstered the value of sterling, but it still wobbles perilously because there isn't enough confidence in the Government's boldness and prudence or perhaps because the world doesn't believe that even a bold and prudent Government can now hold the unions in check.

These same doubts continue to undermine the Conservative poll at every by-election. In Ipswich last week a Labor candidate was elected but both the Conservative and Labor candidates found a heavy fall in their total votes: the only candidate whose poll had soared up was the Liberal. With the rubber-ball complacency of the true politician, Lord Hailsham was undismayed by the result, though he did deliver himself of this monumental understatement: "Stabilizing the cost of living is the thing which, if we achieve it, will constitute success and, if we fail to control it, will constitute non-success." But, win or lose, the Conservative Party has got to stand up to inflation. Another failure to do so would mean non-success with a vengeance.

Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

The Testing of the West

There are, it seems to me, two different problems raised by the appearance in our skies of the artificial moon. "Raised," of course, only in a symbolic sense; the problems have been developing for years. What the Sputniks have done is to dramatize them.

The first problem is in the immediate political-military sphere and is concerned with the urgent necessity of maintaining the terror balance with the Soviet Union and, if possible, establishing a superiority of terror. While this is a demanding and difficult task, it can undoubtedly be achieved —given our over-all technological skill and plant—provided we bring to it the sense of urgency, and will, and the imagination equal to the occasion.

The second problem is a deeper and infinitely more complex one, with which we should be faced even if the Soviet Union should suddenly be wafted into another galaxy. It affects the first only because it affects the qualities of will and imagination which bear upon the first. It is the ultimate question facing Western man: Can we find the understanding to govern the immense physical force now at our disposal, so that it is subjected to the moral ends of man, or will it create a situation in which aggregates of power become ends in themselves, to which men are subsidiary? Can we retain what we have and recover what we have lost of the Christian view of each person as an uniquely valuable creature? Or will the erosion of this understanding be now immensely accelerated by our worship of technological control over nature?

Both these problems, the immediate and the more fundamental, arise directly out of the energy revolution of the past dozen years, the fantastic increase in human control of physical energy in a ratio measurable only in millions. But that revolution is simply the last stage in the accelerating power over natural forces, paralleled by a steady degeneration in the understanding of man's nature and destiny, which has characterized the past one hundred years. This contrast between the growth of *control* over nature and the decay of *understanding* is the essence of the modern crisis.

There is nothing wrong, of course, with such control if it is at the service of moral and philosophical understanding. What is wrong, and what has been disastrous, is the prideful exaltation of the ability to control nature that leads to a philosophical position denying truth and being to anything but the instrumentalities of control and power.

The shock that swept America at the realization that the Communists were capable of momentous technological achievement is a measure of the depth of our problem. We felt superior to the Communists—and suddenly they seemed to be proving that we were not. The fact is that we are indeed superior, but the index of our superiority is not our technological ability. Technology is not the glory of the West, but a by-product of its glory. Its glory has been its understanding of the nature of man and of his status as a person created by a personal God; at another level it has been the unfolding realization of that understanding in political and economic institutions. Those institutions have been conducive to the liberty of the individual person, functioning within the discipline of an intellectual and spiritual tradition; and technological achievement is in its origins a result of these conditions.

Raised to an end, however, and made the basis of the positivist philosophy that is today fast conquering the Western world, technology becomes the god by whom we live and die. The Communists have simply carried to its logical conclusion the positivist glorification of control and power as the end of man's existence.

No, our technological ability is not the stigmatic virtue of our civilization; it has been "added unto us" as a blessing and a curse; and it will be the one or the other to the degree that we recover our true heritage. If we become a people who worship technology as the end of existence, there will be little to distinguish us from our enemies. And it will make comparatively little difference whether they or we forge ahead in the technological race. As for the possibility of man's understanding of his moral nature guiding and harnessing his ability to control colossal power—that question would cease even to have meaning for the ant-like inhabitants of a "scientific" world.

But if we can find the way to revive the true glory of the West—our ancient understanding of the role of man—the energy will flow forth to give us the will and the imagination to come to grips with our problems on both levels.

Let me be clear. I am not proposing the morality of a Norman Cousins or an Albert Schweitzer, based upon the survival of the species as the end and the only end of man. I am not endorsing the call of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* and the *New York Herald Tribune* for an appeasement conference of Russian and American scientists. I am not sentimentally ignoring Communist reality with an Omar Bradley who wants to seek a "compromise which will make it possible for mankind to control the atom and banish it as an instrument of war," or with a Dwight Eisenhower who soothes us with "what the world needs . . . is a giant step toward peace."

It is not compromise with Communism and its power-worship that a West returned to its understanding would seek. It is not peace, which could only be a peace of surrender to Communism or—what comes to the same thing—the acceptance of socialist world-government. It is victory, victory for the right, a victory to be sought, whatever the conditions, whatever the sacrifice, *whatever the risks.* Khrushchev, in his anniversary speech, made it clear, as Communists always have, that this is the measure of Communist devotion to Communist ends: to win the world—by our surrender preferably, but, if not, by war. Would sons of the living God be less devoted than the servitors of dialectical materialism?

ARTS and MANNERS

FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

The Attack on Leisure

Man was made not simply to be doing but to be. Deny this proposition and man is reduced to a mere function, to a service, to a slave. Assert it and you assert the freedom and dignity of the human person. He alone is free who in some sense not only serves but is. The question "What is the use of being?" is a Marxist or a positivist question and therefore need not be answered. There is no use for being as being: this is its glory. To put being to work, to use it, would be to presuppose some end beyond being itself. But beyond being there is nothing at all and Nothing is approached only in anxiety and dread, and the anxious man is the man who does not know how to be. For this reason the anxious man is sick and our hospitals today are filled with these men, sick men who have never known how to luxuriate in the splendor of existence.

These truths of being, adamantine in their simplicity, divide the mind of Christendom from the negations of our time, a time incapable of understanding the beauty, even the borrowed divinity, of human freedom. To the Christian, man is free even before God. Job—a good man says Scripture—argued with the Lord. St. Thomas Aquinas, meditating on this awful contest between creation and Creator, applauded Job: there is a certain equality between persons, maintained Aquinas; and God—altogether free in the sublimity of His Transcendence—in creating Job made him like unto Himself: free. God respected the sacred work of His own Hand. He let Job complain and then argued back: for God demanded for Himself the same freedom He had given Job. From this tension between Divine and human, freedom was born in Europe and all the West.

From this absolute ground of personhood flow all the rights of man: among such rights I count the right to love; the right to fight; the right to loaf; and the right to play. Play is popular once again in intellectual circles. It is even popular in popular circles. Springing from nowhere, altogether without intellectual pretensions, the "Do It Yourself" movement promised for a time to provide concretely for our common need to escape the world of pure work, to find ourselves in disinterested activity, to play. There were those, of course, who "did it" themselves out of simple economic necessity. But there were others who "did it" themselves because in so doing they expressed their personalities in ways denied them in their economic vocations. These people made boats and furniture and even houses simply because they wanted to make them, because they wanted the delight which is one with the responsibility of creation. Their action was of the essence of play. Play is not frivolous activity; provided a man take joy in the very *being* of the act he performs, he plays.

Desperate Conformism

The "Do It Yourself" movement attempted in its inception to meet this deeply felt but rarely articulated need: man, if he would be fully man, must create. "Do It Yourself" began well, but the promoters of the craze are today frustrating the need that gave it birth. We are given not creation but its illusion. We are given not the wholeness of honest craftmanship but the fakery of prefabrication. Master-minded from a distance by the technician, packaged and shipped to the new suburb, the end product is then assembled and completed in some basement or garage by men and women who do little more than put together an elaborate puzzle. The end result stands to life as a dumb mannikin to a breathing woman. Innocent when viewed abstractly, "Do It Yourself" has actually robbed America of what may be one of its last chances to exercise its leisure creatively and personally.

Creation, especially artistic creation, will not save our civilization. But without creation it can safely be assumed that our civilization is doomed to die of boredom. It will be smothered to death by a mass communications masonry that uses even the instinct of self-expression against itself. The tactics employed thus far to preserve a place for disinterested and personal activity in the anonymity of the modern world have failed. Adult education classes; folk dancing by people who are not a folk; Great Books seminars; guided tours through museums filled with things made by other men in other times—all of them along with "Do It Yourself" tend to absorb man's increasing leisure into a kind of desperate conformism and groupism that fears instinctively to let humanity alone so that it might simply be.

I for one am sick to death of the mass effort made today to exploit the new leisure of the American people. The attack on our leisure grows out of a deep fear of freedom, out of a gnawing suspicion that if the academic and technical hand were removed from the head of the people they might walk erect once again and act like men fashioned in the image of an angry and loving Father. Behind this fear, a fear often consciously articulated in the journals of the left, there lies a hidden dread—the dread of play itself, the Puritanical assumption that unless leisure be directed and dragooned into "useful" activities, man will go to the devil. But what some call the Devil, others call God. T. S. Eliot maintains that darts and bitters are part of the religion of England, and Chesterton asserted that "pub" was the most poetic word in the language.

Play, disinterested activity, creation —call it what you will—cannot be drilled into a people as the alphabet is drilled into a child. Play is one with a style of life, a manner of being. It grows out of the preconscious soil of the mind and the will. It is one with man's confronting being and his being wounded in the confrontation. This is culture itself and no culture has ever been imposed from above by men busy with schemes for utilizing the leisure of the classes fortune placed under their care. Culture expands within the heart of a people who have come to know reality in some unique manner, within some unrepeatable history, upon some lonely soil.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Economics of the Tin Lizzie

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

In the period between the two world wars of the twentieth century, Henry Ford, the man who discovered the tremendous "leverage" possibilities of high-wage, low-price, long-line-of-production capitalism, was looked down upon by the intellectuals. He was an enemy of craftsmanship. He didn't believe in history. He was naive enough to think you could stop a great war with a gesture and an appeal to the McGuffy Reader type of morality. He made absurd remarks about the bankers, or about Wall Street, or about the "international Jew." He had crackpot ideas about the therapeutic value of folk dancing and the dietetic magic of soy beans; he was a monomaniac on the subject of the twin evils of tobacco and alcohol.

In short, a crochety, queer character—and clearly not one to be trusted as an aspirant to political office (he once stood in Michigan for the U.S. Senate and he had followers who boomed him periodically for President). The crochets are not overlooked in *Ford: Expansion and Challenge, 1915-1933,* the second volume in a projected trilogy by Allan Nevins and Frank Ernest Hill (Scribner's, $8.95). Indeed, the Messrs. Nevins and Hill make the most of the Ford idiosyncrasies in a book that combines a plethora of dramatic personal conflict with the packed details of important industrial history. But in spite of his many crochets Henry Ford will go down in history as the man who exposed the pretensions of Karl Marx (and all the subsequent Marxists of whatever school) to the status and title of intellectual. Ford may not have been a master of syllogistic reasoning (he often felt his way along by trial and error), but after he had lived and worked nobody could claim that Karl Marx was anything else than a fool.

Of course, Marx's foolishness was not his own; it stemmed from certain assumptions made by the classical economists whom he read with no eye for tautology or for the logical howlers that had become sacrosanct by virtue of incessant repetition. The classical economists believed there was a "wages fund" which limited the amount of money available for workers during a given year. They believed that wages and profits were in inexorable conflict, that capitalists must do literally anything to keep the rate of profit from falling, that value was to be explained in terms of the labor-hours that went into the making of an object, and that there was such a thing as a "natural" price. Out of this mishmash it was perhaps inevitable that Marx should construct his theory of surplus value. For if it was the amount of labor time that accounted for value, then it was obvious that profits were a "theft" of part of the worker's labor-hours. And the drive to keep the rate of profit from falling must be at the sole expense of labor.

Though the wages-fund theory had been exploded long before Ford came on the scene, employers still adhered to it pretty much as a working rule in setting rates of pay. It was not until Henry Ford gave his workers the five-dollar day in 1914 without raising the price of his car that the wages fund and certain other preconceptions of British economics were proved in practice to make little connection with economic realities in a dynamic world. The chief thing to fall with the advent of the Henry Ford system of production and pricing was the doctrine of the static "natural price." Once this had gone, a linch-pin was pulled from other rigid economic concepts. Ford demonstrated that low prices and high wages were compatible, and that the combination could actually result in higher profits than had ever been earned before.

Adam Smith, in prowling around his famous pin factory, correctly observed that a proper division of labor vastly increased the number of pins that could be made during a given number of labor-hours. But the implication of this was lost upon him when he came to evolve his doctrine of the "natural price." The "natural price," he assumed, was a "norm" which included a more or less static cost of production, plus the ordinary rate of profit in the neighborhood. At any moment the market value could be above or below the "natural price," and given certain circumstances it might tend to stay there for a long period. But, assuming both competition and sanity, the "norm" must in the long run prevail.

So far, so good: we can grant that there is a "natural" point to which prices will return. (Nobody stays in business for long at a loss, and nobody can charge egregious prices without attracting a competition that undercuts them.) But a "natural" price is in itself a moving figure.

What, for example, was the "natural" price for automobiles when Ford came on the scene? If Ransom Olds, say, thought he knew, he was mistaken. For the "natural" price of the Oldsmobile—cost of production plus going rate of profit—was not sacrosanct to Henry Ford when Walter Flanders was teaching him a new way of laying out a factory to achieve mass economies once the production of cars had passed a certain point. The moment that Henry Ford discovered how to knock down the cost—and the price—of a car by

pushing production past the break-even point that paid for the production line, the going "natural" price was outmoded.

Thus, under a dynamic technology, Adam Smith's description has no value. The "natural price" is always disappearing into the past. Under high technology what Adam Smith thought of as "particular accidents" have become commonplace—and "monopoly secrets" have become the harbingers, not of "maintained prices," but of lower and lower costs to the ultimate consumer. Naturally not all the benefits need be passed on to the consumer; some may be distributed to the worker in the form of wage increases, and some may be distributed to the stockholder. (Or so it used to be before government began to cut in on the deal with its taxes which now account for about a third of the retail cost of a new car.) Thus technology, when it is unfettered, crashes through all the rigidities of the old economics, whether it be Ricardian or Marxist in its orientation.

The Messrs. Nevins and Hill do not spend much time on what Henry Ford has done to and for economic theory. But the materials for generalization are all there. Their account of how Henry Ford pulled out of the depression of 1920-21 by taking a temporary loss on the materials he had bought at inflated wartime and postwar prices carries its own commentary. When Ford was accused of "disturbing conditions," he remarked: "That is exactly what we were trying to do." For a time he lost $20 per car. But with each car he sold $40 worth of parts at no reduction, the profit on which did much toward cancelling the loss.

A great portion of the Nevins-Hill book is devoted to Henry Ford's theories of factory organization, of charity (he didn't like organized benevolence, but he led the way in employing Negroes and in giving jobs to ex-convicts who couldn't get placed elsewhere), of a decentralized balance between city and country, and of the dynamic plow-back of money into new productive facilities. The absorption of the Lincoln Motor Company, the growth of the River Rouge works, the adventures of Ford overseas, and the replacement of Model T with Model A, are all part of this second volume in a series that represents the best in an improving category of industrial history. None of the unpleasant features of the Ford story is skipped: Nevins and Hill go voluminously into such matters as Henry Ford's long duel with his son Edsel, his favoritism toward the raffish Harry Bennett, and his irresponsible anti-Semitic gyrations as publisher of the *Dearborn Independent*. But neither the industrial details nor the unsavory personalities are ever allowed to obscure the fact that Henry Ford was a towering genius. Not only did he put a nation on wheels, he also provided the justification for free capitalism. If America manages to fend off the collectivists, it will be to a large extent because of the life and works of Henry Ford.

Defects Money Cannot Mend

PATRICIA FREAKES

Out of the period of regressive "progressivism" in education has evolved what Paul Woodring in *A Fourth of A Nation* (McGraw-Hill, $4.50) terms the pragmatic antithesis to the classic thesis that man is dual in his nature; that mind is a part of the spiritual realm and cannot be understood in terms of material things; and that the primary function of education is the development of the mind. The pragmatic antithesis rejects this classic thesis and, basing its precepts on the doctrine of progress and the new psychology developed early in the century, espouses the pragmatic philosophy that schools should lead the way in progressive social change.

An ever-increasing wrathful chorus of intellectuals, parents and citizens has assailed this antithetical philosophy until a point has been reached where it no longer can survive unchanged. The American people have not proved willing that a few educators should plan the new society. There must evolve an educational philosophy the public will accept.

Woodring is highly critical of Arthur Bestor, Mortimer Smith and Albert Lynd, whose books have attained wide circulation among laymen, for voicing this protest in what he terms "overgeneraliz[ation] from a few local cases which may well be atypical," and he insists they argue from a position gained in "the process of defending a position already taken." However, this reviewer finds it difficult to determine just whereWoodring himself stands in this debate. He admits that the prevalent philosophy is so "logically inconsistent as to become philosophically untenable," yet his discussion of it is so equivocal that one could get the impression that he simply doesn't care, that he is growing tired of attempting to teach a philosophy which has been rejected by the people.

The major controversy centers around the education of teachers, says Woodring. All teachers should be liberally educated, but any teacher who teaches beyond the elementary level needs a broad and scholarly knowledge of his subject. The public has come to accept higher degrees as evidence of scholarly wisdom, and in attempting to satisfy the public demand for more scholarly teachers, college presidents and school superintendents have put increasing emphasis on higher degrees, to the point where a Ph.D. has become a sort of professional union-card. However, the education departments of our universities have substituted for the Ph.D., the Ed.D. degree, which gives excellent training in finance, building maintenance and public relations but puts less and less emphasis on intellectual endeavors. Some education departments make it possible to receive an Ed.D. with no graduate work at all in the academic field.

Critics insist there must be what President Griswold of Yale has called a "massive transfusion of the liberal arts into teacher education"; but Woodring contends that the teaching of psychology and philosophy must remain in the hands of education departments, although he candidly admits that indoctrination in the pragmatic philosophy is taking place in these departments and that educators who object have been effectively silenced.

"We must begin with the stubborn facts," says Woodring, that our colleges are failing to provide enough teachers for our schools, and unless we can persuade half our college graduates to become teachers, the education of "our exploding population," a fourth of a nation, will decline at all levels.

The fact is, he reminds us, "we have more teachers today in proportion to our population than at any time in our history. There is a shortage because our *demand* for teachers is so *incredibly* large." (Italics mine) This leads one to wonder whether we had better take into consideration, not only the fiscal, but the physical limitations upon our new ordering of education.

A Fourth of A Nation, written for laymen by an "educator of educators" presents the problems confronting our nation's schools in perspective, and with the admission that there are things wrong which money cannot mend.

REVIEWED IN BRIEF

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT, by Robert St. John (Doubleday, $3.95). Former Associated Press correspondent Robert St. John offers a combination personal memoir and impressionistic Baedeker, based on his World War II adventures in the capitals of Eastern Europe. The book's principal virtue—apart from disclosing the ingenious and often unscrupulous devices by which correspondents procure and create "news"—is to recount in detail the fall of Rumania's King Carol and his consort, Madame Lupescu. The comic-opera aspects of this saga seem to have tainted St. John's approach to the whole grim subject of World War II, for the book is as light in tone as it is in intellectual substance. An alternative explanation is that bouyant frivolity in the face of destruction is the indicated pose for a "foreign correspondent." C.L.

JOB: POET OF EXISTENCE, by Samuel Terrien (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.75). The Book of Job has been many things to many men, but Samuel Terrien is the first to muffle it in boredom. A professor at Union Theological Seminary and one of the editors of *The Interpreter's Bible,* Dr. Terrien achieves this result by a laborious and unintuitive *explication de texte,* and by a remarkable turgidity of style. "If sympathy is the root of genius," he writes at one point, "religion becomes sterile long before death, but it can still talk." This, admittedly, is a choice sample—but its cousins can be spotted throughout *Job: Poet of Existence.* It is Dr. Terrien's thesis that the Book of Job offers a "hard, shocking" moral: "It does not pay to be religious." Or in Karl Barth's sharper formulation: "Apart from God, [religion] is the most dangerous enemy a man has on this side of the grave." From this point on, the exegesis descends to a mechanical existentialism. The jargon phrases —"fear and fascination of death," "theology of crisis," "human situation"—lie heavily on the book. It never occurs to Dr. Terrien that in his claim to perfection Job sinned —for it is not in man to be perfect, and it is dangerous for him to argue with God that he is. There is, moreover, an inherent contradiction in Dr Terrien's thinking which one of his brighter students will one day point out: If it is arrogant for man to attempt to assess God's purpose in eternity, how then can even the most learned exegete assert that God is amoral? R. de T.

JOHN WESLEY HARDIN: TEXAS GUNMAN, by Lewis Nordyke (Morrow, $4.00). Nothing so quickly arouses the savagery latent in all men as a passion for social reform; and when the reformers are also military conquerors, the hapless inhabitants of occupied territories are exposed to a brutality that is exacerbated by self-righteousness. During the shameful era in American history that is euphemistically called the Reconstruction, the conquered Confederacy was subjected to the vindictive fury of the Abolitionists. In a land thus cruelly oppressed John Wesley Hardin, the son of a Methodist minister, grew to manhood. His was not the character that submits tamely to outrage, and at the age of fifteen he was already an outlaw. What makes him remarkable, however, is that he never committed a crime. He killed only in self-defense, and usually when the odds were heavily against him. Mr. Nordyke, who carefully avoids offense to Northern prejudices, has portrayed a man of simple integrity who in a happier time would have lived and died an ordinary citizen, knowing only ordinary misfortunes and having no occasion to exhibit the courage and the marksmanship that brought him temporary fame in Texas. R.P.O.

THE SOUND OF THUNDER, by Taylor Caldwell (Doubleday, $3.95). Seven million copies of Taylor Caldwell's novels have been sold. Is that because of her what's-coming-next drive of the real storyteller, or is it because of her passionate faith in America and in religion? Both qualities crisscross in this latest of her novels. It has some of the aspect of a morality play in that each of the people in it personifiies a single quality—tyranny or weakness or falsity or love. And if her people seem very emotional, Mrs. Caldwell has a talent for portraying emotion, as in the dry, sandy loneliness of deep grief. H. W.

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To the Editor

Untouchable

I think you may be interested in this:

A short while ago I bought Kravchenko's *I Chose Freedom,* a paperback, in a drug store near here (I'd never read it). I noticed a young woman clerk near the cash register but it appeared that I had become invisible. After a time the manager came and took my quarter. He turned to the clerk and said sharply, "Why didn't you wait on that customer?"

She replied very haughtily: "I don't touch that book or money for it. You know I'm a Liberal."

Chicago, Ill. RENA M. VALE

Commerce: Communist Weapon

In the Red Empire's scheme of conquest, foreign trade is primarily a subversive weapon. Its use is to get capitalistic corporations in foreign countries entangled in trade with the Red Empire to the point where the interruption of that trade would be embarrassing if not ruinous to them, and then to suggest that if they use their influence to get this or that Red state more considerate treatment from their governments, exceedingly profitable business will come their way. If they don't, the flow of business their way will be shut off as abruptly as one flips an electric switch. . . .

Trade is, in short, a device for blackmailing businessmen in other countries into treasonable operations against their own governments. In Red China's case, the Reds have nothing to sell abroad, other than the opium and opium derivatives which they are pushing into the international dope traffic in enormous quantities. . . . Their agents in Southeast Asia are offering consumer goods which are unobtainable in Red China at prices always 15 per cent below those offered by Japanese exporters, while their agents in Japan are whooping up direct trade relations and offering big shipments at low prices of raw materials of which they are in dire need at home. They are starving their people to ruin the Japanese export trade abroad and to buy Japanese big business into treasonable subservience to them in Japan. Commerce as a weapon, as a Red instrument of subversion, as an inducement to treason, isn't as well understood as it should be.

Bernardsville, N.J. HEPTISAX

A Mixed Blessing

I was happy to read in last week's magazine that William F. Buckley, Jr. was back from Europe and would start up his "Ivory Tower" again. But I must admit I will be sorry at losing his amusing and often meaty travelogues, which have, in my opinion, done much to lighten the pages of the magazine these past weeks. Perhaps he can continue these reports when he travels through the U.S.

Peoria, Ill. CATHERINE HANEY

"Ghana to Breakfast"

I have grown to admire NATIONAL REVIEW for its keen and deep insight on Liberalism . . . but I must take up the glove about the article "Ghana to Breakfast" in your October 26 issue.

NATIONAL REVIEW has taken a precarious stand on the question of segregation, for if President Eisenhower was wrong to overrun the states' rights, the Southern Whites have been sluggish in furthering the advancement of the Southern Negro.

But the racial antagonism is just as much there, in the North: only, the danger of being superseded by Negroes is not so great or immediate as in the South, and therefore, the manifestations of this antagonism are not so frequent or so spectacular. . . .

This, added to other grave faults, does not give the USA a good stand from which to "tell the world what to do" as the author of "Ghana to Breakfast" advocates she do. I wish the editorial had not been read by any non-American besides myself. . . .

What the world does not need, we know from experience, is for the USA, any more than the USSR, to tell it what to do. What the world needs is independent, strong, Christian, patriotic governments in each nation, and God to tell them what to do. . . .

New York City SABINE PERROT

First aid to Beauty...

The start, the indispensable beautifier, is water . . . followed by whatever else milady may select to work captivating magic on hair and skin.

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